THE CARMELITE

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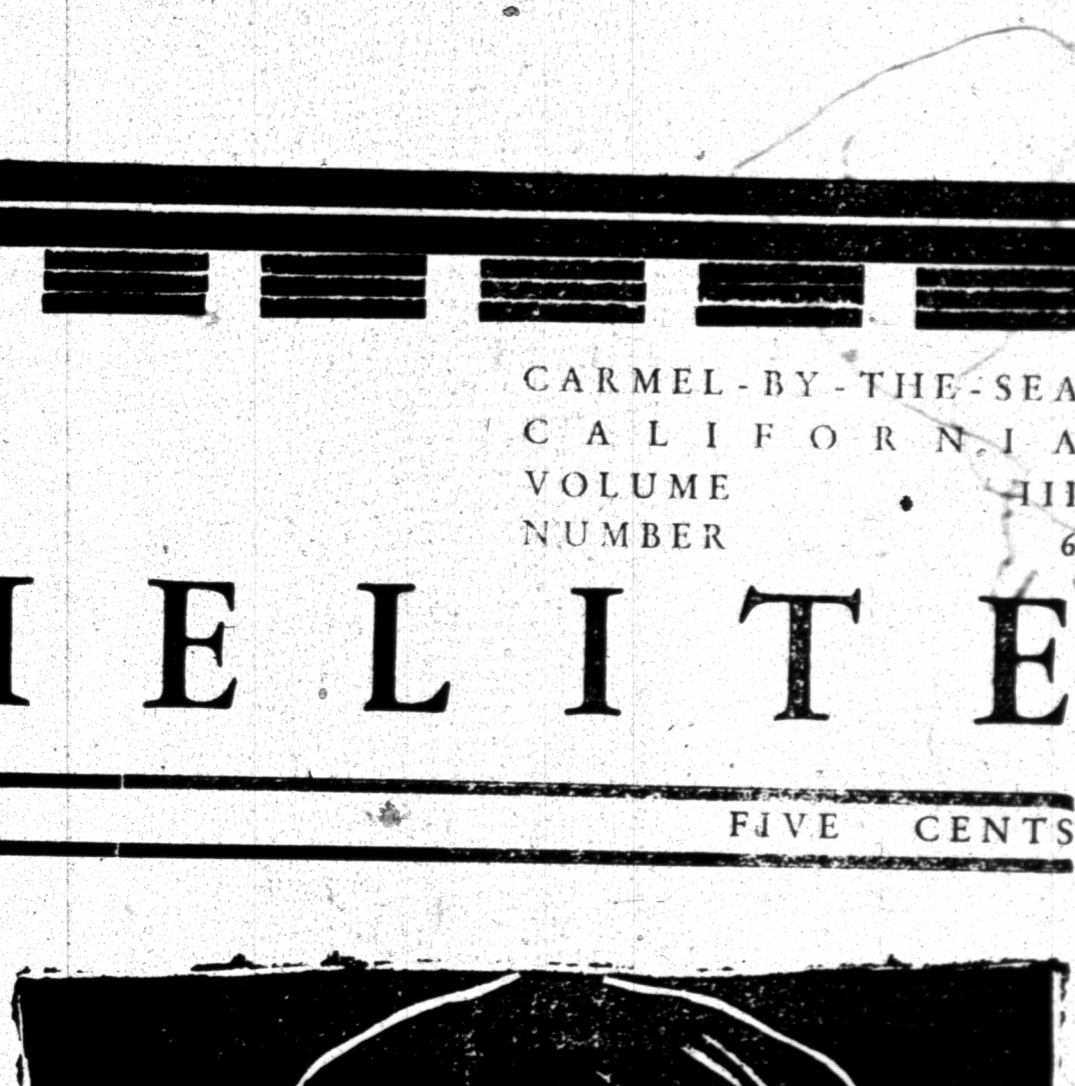


D. H. LAWRENCE

LINOLEUM CUT BY W. JOHNSTONE
AFTER A PORTRAIT BY EDWARD WESTON

Carmel News

COUNCIL MEETING

The City Council met on Monday evening in adjourned session to pass two ordinances. The first deals with sewer connections; the second is the enabling ordinance covering the proposed bond issue for the purchase of fire fighting apparatus.

Both ordinances are published officially in this issue of The Carmelite.

Among other matters discussed Monday evening was a petition from Claribel Haydock for permission to build a storage-, sales- and service garage on her property at Sixth and Junipero. The Council moved that the petition be referred to the City Attorney and reviewed for legality.

A discussion concerning fire-resistant buildings next took place. Motion was made that several disputed cases be referred to the City Attorney.

Next, and apparently considered most important of all, came a discussion—not official—as to the last date upon which candidates for the Council might file their papers. For a while it looked as though noon of March twenty-fourth might win, but the twenty-fifth edged in by a nose.

Papers have been filed by Robert Norton and Ben Wetzel. Four other candidates have taken out preliminary papers, but have not, at this date, filed notice of their intentions.

John Catlin of the Forge in the Forest announced his candidacy Wednesday.

MEETING OF THE ADVISORY BOARD

The newly-formed advisory board will meet for the first time tonight in the City Hall. At this first meeting, it is expected that a general program of working rules will be adopted, and that functioning officers will be elected. The advisory board, comprising twenty-five members, was selected by the council in recent executive sessions.

The meeting will be open to the public.

FATHER MESTRES ILL

Father Ramon Mestres, who has won friends from many faiths on the Peninsula and throughout the state, is reported dangerously ill.

Father Mestres has been instrumental in the restoration of Carmel Mission, as well as other historical buildings in this locality. From many sources he is being extended heartfelt sympathy and wishes for a quick recovery.

CANDIDATES FOR HIGH SCHOOL BOARD

Mrs. Hester Schoeninger filed papers Tuesday afternoon as a candidate for membership on the board of trustees of Monterey Union High School. Carmel Martin and W. W. Wells, both incumbents, filed to run again. The eighteenth was the last day upon which formal notice of candidacy could be recorded. Frederick Bigland is a candidate to succeed himself on the board of Sunset School. At last notice, Mr. Bigland was without opposition.

The election will take place on Friday, March twenty-eigth.

MR. DE YOE TO SEEK RE-ELECTION

Mr. R. C. De Yoe has announced his candidacy for re-election to the Legislature from the Forty-second Assembly district, comprising San Luis Obispo and Monterey counties.During the legislative session of 1929, Mr. De Yoe served on eight legislative committees, among them the important committees of Irrigation, Conservation, and Live Stock and Dairies. His other committee service embraced Military Affairs, County Government, Claims, Libraries and Pensions. Born in Michigan Mr. De Yoe came with his parents to California at the age of three and settled in San Luis Obispo, where he lived until he was fourteen of age. For the last ten years he has been a resident of Carmel.

ORATORIO ONE MONTH OFF

"Seven Last Words," Easter oratorio, will be given on Thursday, April nineteenth, at the Carmel Playhouse.

Fenton Foster is now directing rehearsals of the group. A chorus of seventy-five is practicing in the Pacific Grove Woman's Club building. An orchestra of twenty members is included.

PRIVATE SHOWING OF NEWS REEL

Some time ago in Oakland, J. L. Herman, Paramount News cameraman, now staying at La Ribera, went aloft in a plane towing a glider. The glider, released, attempted a "loop" that failed. Last Saturday night, Herman and a group of friends from Carmel, witnessed a private showing of the news-reel depicting the fatal crash. Herman followed the falling glider, and a cameraman on the ground caught the finale. The pictures will never be released.

Edward Weston, for whom a second showing was arranged, is quoted as having said that the film was a striking portrayal of modern motion picture realism.

FOREST THEATER SEASON TAKES SHAPE

A meeting of the Forest Theater directors was held at Pine Inn on Monday afternoon.

The directors agreed that the dramatic season was shaping itself well. Concensus of opinion had it that affairs were better in hand at this time of year than they had ever been before at the Forest Theater.

It has been definitely decided that "The God of Gods," produced by Byron Folger, will be the play given on July fourth and fifth.

A casting committee was appointed. Anyone wishing to participate in plays should get in touch with Mrs. Lita Bathen..

The directors will meet again on Wednesday the twenty-sixth, at which time there will be full reports on coming publicity, and a choice made of the second play. All formative and preparatory matters concerning the coming play season are expected to be in full swing by then.

"HULDA OF HOLLAND"

By Irma Friedman

On Friday evening, March twenty-first, at eight o'clock, "Hulda of Holland," a three act musical comedy, will be given in the Auditorium of the Monterey Union High School by Mrs. Forrest Pieffer's mixed chorus class.

The cast is as follows: *Peter Cats*—Gordon Coats; *Jacob Hogenbeets*—Joseph Logassa; *Hulda* (Peter's daughter) Dorothy Berquist; *Katrina* (Jacob's (Peter's wife) Frances Bowen; *Jan Steen*—Francis Garret; *Jimmy Stone*—Curtis Dean; *Direck*—Elmer Grant; *Adrian Steen* (Jan's father) John Swain; *Cornelius Heyden*—Richard Murphy.

Chorus of milk-maids: Ruth Graves, Angelina Ferranti, Betty Lindseed, Daphine Strickland, Angie Collero, Vera Hunter, Virginia Hastings, Mary Bigland. Reed Schraps, Patty Johnson, June Harper, Ellonah Greene and Irma Friedman. Paul E. Taylor's orchestra will furnish the music for the dancing and singing.

Tickets will be thirty-five cents for school children, fifty cents for adults, and seventy-five cents reserved seats.

Rehearsals for the high school operetta have been going on now for several weeks. A large attendance is expected.

CIVIL SERVICE

The necessary papers in connection with the civil service examination for a clerkship in the Carmel post office may now be obtained upon application to Postmaster W. L. Overstreet.

Around Town

A visitor to Carmel last week was Edwin Emerson and his wife Masie. Emerson has had an adventurous life. As a reporter he was engaged in battles in Mexico, South America, Russia, France. . . that is to say he would start as a reporter and end as a soldier. Without fear, he is also without responsibility. He took a job once as secretary to a university president who was bringing up his children scientifically, without any knowledge of fairy stories. The president had to go on a trip, and returned to find his children knew more fairy lore than all other kids in the neighborhood. So Emerson lost that job, as he lost many others for the same kind of reason.

Emerson was the son of an American Consul in Munich and was born in and spent a part of his childhood in Germany. He has several friends in Carmel, Jimmie Hopper, Perry Newberry, Ferdinand Burgdorff, Lincoln Steffens on whose paper, the New York "Evening Post," he worked "for a short time," for the same kind of reasons, years ago. When asked where he is staying in Carmel, he said "Well, we met an awfully nice girl called Sascha in San Francisco, Russian, I believe, and my wife is sitting on the doorstep now of a cottage which she said looked as if it ought to belong nice girl called Sacha in San Francisco called Sacha in Carmel?" Actually Mrs. Emerson was at the cottage of Jack and Sacha Calvin, and there they put up.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Flavin recently came up and stayed at Del Monte for a week-end to celebrate Mrs. Flavin's birthday. We hear that they are homesick for Carmel and Mrs. Flavin and the children may come up for a time. She writes from Hollywood: "We are meeting some interesting people down here, Salisbury Fields, the Bromsfields, Sidney Howard, Edwin Mayes, Lloyd Wright,. . .we see a lot of Marcella. . ." And Marcella Burke writes in her column, "Star-Dust," in "Game and Gossip:"

> "Caught Martin Flavin and Mrs. Flavin visiting here. Perhaps Martin will write a back stage play next time . . . it is lots more fun to see lovely young things dancing around than to see apathetic convicts doing the lock-step.
>
> "All the studios hesitated and argued over buying the "Criminal Code" . . . Flavin's most successful play of the year. Before they came to any decision . . . Columbia snapped it up."

Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh are still on the Peninsula staying at the Sidney Fish ranch and waiting for strong westerly winds to glide down the coast. Recently the Lindberghs were at dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Gouverneur Morris in Monterey where they met Sinclair Lewis and Dorothy Thompson.

* * *

The current issue of "Game and Gossip" has some photographs of the Fish haciendo showing the frescoes in the dining room which Francis McComas of Monterey painted. The Fishes are real benefactors of Carmel for while they own their thousand acres south of Carmel River no one can build there, and so the hillside beauty will be preserved intact. Their own ranch house does not interfere with the view from Carmel at all.

* * *

In the "Call-Bulletin "of Saturday appeared an interview with Robinson Jeffers and a number of photographs of the view from Hawk Tower, the poet lifting stones with Garth and Donnan, and Mrs. Jeffers inside the house. The text varied between calling Tor House a stone mansion, a stone castle and a stone palace.

* * *

Recently Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Graham, Del Monte photographers, gave a party for the press men down on the peninsula to follow Lindbergh's movements. The "Call-Bulletin's" photographer, Jo Merhon, was the first on the spot to photograph the hole made by the San Francisco Preparedness Day explosion in 1916 and he told how at the trial this photograph was exhibited with the hole greatly enlarged. The photograph he had taken of Tom and Mrs. Mooney on the Eilers Building four minutes before the explosion, with the clock in the background showing the time, was also exhibited at the trial. It has often puzzled people how it was that with this visual evidence of their innocence (for they could not have been on top of a high building in Market Street and placing a bomb at the same time) Mooney could still have been convicted.

Jo Merhon supplied the answer. "They blurred the face of the clock. At the trial they showed the photograph with the face of the street clock blurred so you could not tell the time at all."

* * *

One of the shops recently added to Pine Inn is to be occupied by a gown shop different from any yet here. Billie Trott, designer and maker of feminine wear, plans to come down from San Francisco and establish a shop as original as her suite in the Shreve building in the city.

Richard Buhlig will journey from the South this week-end to be the guest of his friend of long-standing, Sinclair Lewis, and Mrs. Lewis, at Monterey. When Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous learned of his intended visit, they telegraphed to ask if he would play the Hammerklavier Sonata at the Gallery on Saturday evening. Buhlig's characteristic reply was, "By all means!"

* * *

Recently there as a gay dinner in San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. John O'shea, Albert Bender, Charles Erskine Scott Wood, Frederick O'Brien and Margaret Watson foregathered at Coppa's and many and gay were the stories O'Brien told of his recent sojourn in Hawaii. Last summer Frederick O'Brien, author of numerous books on the South Seas, spent two months in Carmel.

* * *

Dorothy Graff and a party of four enjoyed a Saturday night moonlight ride last week on the occasion of her birthday. A bay mare, purchased from Mr. Lynn Hodges, an English saddle, and other riding equipment were presents to Miss Graff from her father.

* * *

Edward Weston has made a portrait of John O'Shea.

* * *

Joan A. Burke is occupying a studio at Twelfth and Casanova, which will also serve as headquarters for the Tamalbrae Kennels.

THE BIRD-MAN

Charles Kellogg, of Morgan Hill, the famous naturalist, is coming to Carmel on Monday evening, March thirty-first, under the auspices of the Sunset School P.-T. A.

Mr. Kellogg has endeared himself to thousands with his clever bird-calls which imitate the natural songsters amazingly. The control of his voice is wonderful, and if there is any difference between his calls and a real bird's calls, it would take a bird to detect it.

He is a naturalist born, not made; a true woodsman, calm, poised, with magnetism that commands attention.

Poet, philosopher, worker, teacher, craftsman, artist, Mr. Kellogg's message is inspiring because it tells of a life-work that is joy and service.

The seating capacity of the school auditorium is limited, and the interest in Mr. Kellogg so great that everyone is urged to get tickets at the earliest moment.

Tickets may be obtained at Staniford's Drug Store, from any of the P. T. A. Board, or by phoning Mrs. Lita Bathen, Carmel 385.

RICHARD BUHLIG TO PLAY SATURDAY EVENING

Beethoven's "Hammerklavier" Sonata will be played by Richard Buhlig in the Denny-Watrous Gallery on Saturday evening next (March twenty-second.)

When one hears the "Hammerklavier" Sonata the first time, he may record it as one of the big experiences of his life; when he hears it a second, and a third time, if he be so fortunate, he begins to realize that the work is to monumental to be described at all. When he has really heard it, he has scaled a great height, and for a moment, at least, had a perception of what music means and is.

A performance of the "Hammerklavier" is an event. An event equal in importance with a performance of Wagner's "Ring." Of equal importance and equal rarity. All in the long stride of the gods, now brutal, now flinging its monstrous strength in savage defiance of any control, now hurling its thunderbolts of noble godhood against the limitations of human bondage.

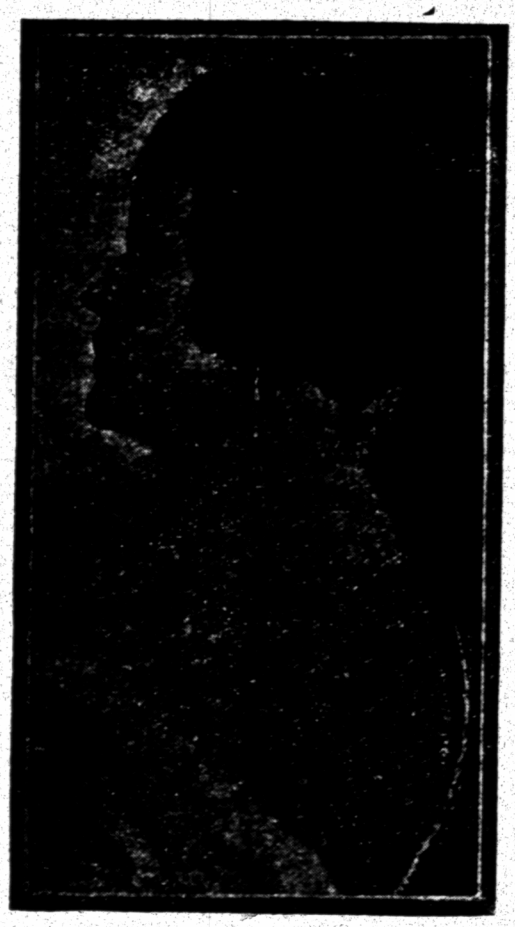
With the "Hammerklavier" Buhlig will give on Saturday evening the delicate fairy music of Opus 109.

CLAIRE DUX'S REPERTOIRE

Interesting reading for the music-lover would be the repertoire of Claire Dux, dramatic soprano, who comes to the Theatre of the Golden Bough on April eighth in the final recital of the Carmel Music Society season.

Probably there are few singers now before the public whose knowledge of music is so extensive as that of Miss Dux, or who have ready at a moment's notice so many songs and so many operatic roles. Miss Dux, in her operatic appearances, has sung practically every lyric and coluratura part in the standard repertoire, and she has appeared in numerous new works and revivals of almost forgotten masterpieces.

The soprano is a thorough student of all music literature, or unknown compositions of composers long dead. At her first New York recital she sang a Mozart aria "for the first time in America," and even the indefatigable research workers who review concerts for New York dailies were unable to find previous record of this aria's performance in this country.



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PAUL McCOOLE IN RECITAL

Perhaps Carmel is so steeped in beauty of many sorts that it can without loss overlook a performance so remarkable as that of Paul McCoole on Saturday evening at the Playhouse. Only a few attended the recital of this pianist, acclaimed enthusiastically in cultural centers of this country as well as abroad—but those few undoubtedly enjoyed a rich experience, with rare music opening the "half-closed gates of the soul."

The usual favorable comments made upon performances which range from passing fair to excellent can be used in the case of McCoole with sincerest emphasis, with no mental reservation—a master of his instrument—an accomplished pianist whose excellent technique is but a means for producing rhythm, quality of tone and passion in interpretation that is remarkable.

The peak of the concert was reached with the rendition of the Chopin "Ballade in G Minor," displaying brilliancy and strength. In the last group on the program, which consisted of modern numbers, McCoole seemed so entirely in sympathy as to bring forth qualities the ordinary listener hardly realized possible.

A. M. B.

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"WHAT IT MEANS TO BE AN AMERICAN

Mrs. Agnes Morley Cleaveland spoke on American social and political problems at the Denny-Watrous Gallery last Sunday evening.

She won her audience with the statement that the underlying values of American citizenship, no matter how much they have been perverted in practice, were instilled, and remain, in the fundamental principles of our government; she lost her audience in asking support for the political factions not now carrying out those principles.

Mrs. Cleaveland is a woman of courageous opinion and devotion to her ideas about controversial subjects. Almost any statement that she made could have been disputed. Introducing herself as an average American citizen, she gave as her opinion that the minority should have the right of free speech only at such a time and in such a way as was considered best by the majority. She maintained that anyone had the chance to be heard at the right time and the right place—providing the subject was one that did not attempt to introduce opinions foreign to the question raised. This gave rise to a question from a member of the audience: "Who determines the *right* time and the *right* place, also the right nature of *free* speech? And how can such speech be called free?

Defining America as "a slant on life" which had produced a government, which, in turn, was producing "a slant on life," Mrs. Cleaveland said that the United States was the only nation in the world today not entirely a theocracy, a democrarcy or an autocracy—but a combination of these welded with a spiritual quality.

The speaker maintained that, most important of all, was the "capacity to think," fostered by both constitution and governmental system. This capacity, declared Mrs. Cleaveland, if not hampered, would feel its way to freedom.

The minority right to speak was guaranteed, Mrs. Cleaveland declared, by the time element of American politics —the minority has its chance at the elections. A point stressed by the speaker was that our present administration could not "accomplish" anything if hampered by opinions that hindered rather than helped. She pleaded for recognition by the American people of a finer principle beneath our system.

* * *

Her statements aroused a strong undercurrent, which was hardly protest—more a groping by her audience for even a better definition than she had been able to give. Mrs. Cleaveland's devotion and sincerity were acknowledged; but her statements aroused various interesting queries, many of which remain unsatisfied:

"Were speech suppressed at all times other than a time deemed 'right' by a crystallized majority, what guarantee would the minority have of a chance to speak during a crisis?"

"Is not the majority still in control during the so-called 'time-period' of elections?"

"What assurance does the minority have, if not allowed to speak at all times, that it can even put in a word to prevent the 'accomplishment' of the administration's ends until after such objects are achieved?"

"Of what effectiveness is 'free thinking' without free speech?" . . .

* * *

Quite vital questions. There were many more. The lecturer presented viewpoints infrequently encountered since America's participatior in the World War.

Mrs. Cleaveland stated that war was better than slavery. Her audience seemed to think slavery of speech a better cause for war than any other. E. L.

MUCH ADO OVER "NIX-NAUGHT-NOTHING"

Rehearsals are in full swing for "Nix-Naught-Nothing," the play which the Girl Scouts are to give on March twenty-ninth to help the Boy Scouts secure a Scout House.

The girls who are not rehearsing parts in the play are busy with paint brush and pencil, designing and making attractive posters.

Members of the Scout Council are as busy as the girls; the Scout House is overflowing with costumes, needles, thimbles and the whirr of sewing machines. Mrs. Walter Schuyler is managing the sets and costumes, while Mrs. George Coblentz is representing the Girl Scout Council as general chairman.

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The views expressed in signed contributions appearing in The Carmelite should be taken as those of the individual contributors, not necessarily in agreement with the opinions of the Editor.

THE PENINSULA'S OPPORTUNITY

The Monterey High School Trustees have turned their attention from the building, the site, and the economics of the enlarged Peninsula high school to the matter of education, teachers, personnel. An excellent move. That is courtesy to their neighbors; it is political sense; it is wise democracy.

Mr. Graves, a popular man and a friend of his friends, has resigned and a trained, modern educator is to be sought. Mr. Carmel Martin says, to make a school here. It looks as if some of the parents who feared they could not remain much longer in this high school district might stay after all. The schools rank with them above business, beauty, above everything else.

But there is one thing more for those in control in Monterey to do. We happen to have in Carmel an expert in the administration of schools as educational institutions. Mrs. Hester Schoeninger has had experience, lots of it, here and elsewhere; she knows what has been done and what educational executives propose to do with our rapidly improving schools. She is a parent herself; she is an efficient, energetic worker; she can get along smoothly with other workers; she is patient, but she will never cease from laboring until this Peninsula has the best schools in the country.

Mrs. Schoeninger should be elected to one of the vacancies likely to occur on the board of high school trustees. And not because Carmel has a right to representation there, but because Carmel happens to have such a rare educator as a resident.

UNANSWERED QUESTION

The tempest which arose from a question put forward by the editor of The Carmelite during a recent session of the City Council has subsided somewhat, but the question remains without a satisfactory answer.

The question was, "Has there ever been an audit of Library Board accounts?"

At the meeting on March tenthCouncilman Wood made the statement that the Library accounts had been audited. Councilman Jordan took and repeated the assertion—that the library accounts had been audited. And we find it again hidden away in the "Pine Cone's" outburst of sanctimonious piffle—the statement that the library accounts had been audited.

* * *

In a written statement which is now a part of the city records, Mayor Bonham says:—

> "There has never been a complete report of moneys received and expended by the Council acting as Library Board and though there has been a report of lump sums I do not think this report as properly itemized and it has never been audited."

* * *

Councilman Wood, it will be recalled, volunteered certain information regarding the Library. Immediately upon adjournment of the meeting, the editor of The Carmelite asked Mr. Wood if a copy of the memorandum or statement from which he read were available for publication. Mr. Wood declined the offer of wider publicity for the information he had vouchsafed, but jotted down a few figures for the representative of the press. This is the data he gave:

$20,000 face bonds	$20,000.00
Int. coupons and premiums	5,250.68
Building contract	$20,373.00
Bal. spent for extra equipment, arfees, etc.	

Interesting, but not conclusive. For one thing it fails to tally with the Trustee's report on file at Salinas, which shows total cash receipts of $26,390.63.

* * *

Meanwhile, the report continues "The library accounts were audited."

Any statement of that nature easily gains currency; heard, repeated six or seven times it takes on the ear-marks of an established fact. It is being repeated now—just the simple statement "The accounts were audited."

We do not contend that an audit has never been made, but if it was made—a proper audit, an audit in the corporate sense—then it must be a matter of record somewhere.

We asked in the Town Hall long before th meeting of March tenth—it is not there. We have asked in Salinas for a copy of the auditor's certificate—it is not to be had. The question remains unanswered.

CARMEL

There beauty sits serene upon her hills,
And smiles upon her rock-bound, restless seas;
The silver-throated mocker lightly trills
His vibrant song upon her wandring breeze.
The homing sea birds build their rugged nests
And proudly rear their eager, hungry brood
Among her cliffs, whose majestic crests
Reflect the silent grandeur of her mood.
The little timid stars that come to stare
In rapture at her silver surf and sands
Oft pause amid their dance and frolic there
To tell strange tales of yet still stranger lands.
But when the moon, fair shepherdess, has led
The starry flock within the fold of mist
And stands, a wraith, with halo 'round her head
Of iridescent glory—rainbow-kissed,
The soul of man may waken and may go
And gain from Him a strength whose peace will show
The rugged path where Pilgrim faith has trod.

There gladly would I live and there would die;
Content to work, content to hope and wait,
While mountain, sea, and shuttle of the sky
All wove with me the shining web of fate.

KYLE DULANEY PALMER

Lets' See Now

By LINCOLN STEFFENS

Last week this free and independent column suggested that the field of our local journalism be divided: the "Pine Cone" to represent the low-brows. The Carmelite the high-brows. This week's events offer another sub-division: the old-timer to voice the righteous people, the new-comer the sinners. Or, if the two editors desire both to stand up for the apparent majority, this graceful column will support the minority till it is converted into an intelligent, articulate majority. It can be done. It is not possible that I am the only conscious grafter in town; it is not thinkable that in an art colony there is but one sinner that regards honesty as no very self-satisfying virtue.

Suppose an art critic who had been shown the work of a painter like Stanley Wood should judge it, saying, "Good, honest work, Stanley, but not efficient; it is not art," would Stanley Wood be satisfied? He would not. And Frank Sheridan: if a dramatic critic should praise an act of his as showing hard, conscientious work, but not quite—acting, would the actor swell with pride? And a writer who can't write, but is defended as an honest, careful, industrious truthful reporter of the facts of life—would he be gratified?

"Hard work," "good intentions," "honesty," even "your very best," don't go in art and they should not be enough in the public business of an art community. The job of the trustee is to make Carmel a work of art; no less.

* * *

New-comers in Carmel during the last few years have heard from old-timers some unpleasant gossip of alleged irregularities in our politics: graft, petty larceny. I got it early, but it was so small that I had to laugh. Did they call that graft? If such petty stuff was all the old-timers could find, Carmel was a chance to take honesty for granted and try for something better. But the suspicions whispered on. And (let me rub it in) the whisperers are old-timers; the poison was honest. I saw the new editor of The Carmelite get it and fret. Couldn't do anything while that was going around. Why did not the City Council deal with the doubt, if not for their own, then for the good of the town? My answer was that the councilmen were not politicians; they were honest men. Satisfied in their own consciences of their righteousness, they had no proper democratic sense of the importance of clearing away the cloud over the public mind.

The new editor of The Carmelite, a silent executive, decided to force the whole business into the open, evidently. He ran an "extra" with the common suspicion all stated in black and white questions and indicated a way to settle them: by making the proposed audit of our public accounts go back over the whole period of doubt. That was the opposite of muck-raking; that was a chance to clear the air. The Council did not see it so. When they met, they called upon the editor to substantiate his (the old-timers') "insinuations" and when he only stood and waited for their answers, they grew strong and bold in wrath; two councilmen denounced and one councilman and an ex-councilman wished to thrash him. He took it quietly, listening, as we all did, waiting for the board to act: to date the audit back. And, be it said, the oldest of the board, the one most concerned, was willing to have it cover his record. But the board stuck at 1926. Too bad. I wish that my impression were universal here.

My impression is that there is and has been no dishonesty to speak of in this little municipality. The councilmen are and they have been honest and conscientious. In this they represent the people. We are all honest men and women, without exception. We can neglect politics and leave our houses unlocked. Which is very comfortable, but it is nothing to be proud of, now, is it? To make a boast of pecuniary honesty is like taking pride in being clean.

After that scene in the council when the trustees felt that they had vindicated their honesty, some of them looked up and around at the crowd and at one another with a pride that was almost elation. They had met, in a way, the great American test of personal rectitude and they were swollen with self-satisfaction. And the "Pine Cone" comes out all a-boil with righteous indignation; the councilmen, it said, have not always been efficient, but they have been personally honest, conscientious, hard-working for nothing. Gosh!

Honesty has long—too long—been the commercial standard of political conduct. It was about all that could be asked in our big cities. But it is not all that is required and we ought to know that in Carmel. Having it, being honest ourselves and having honest councilmen (let's agree) we should know that honesty is nothing. It is not creative; it is a mere necessity. It should never be mentioned, and its opposite should never be suspected. If it is ever whispered, the councilmen should stop all else until the suspicion is salted down; and not for their good name, but for the peace of the community mind. Had our present council only helped a little, we might by now have got that mean, moral issue entirely out of our community system. Since they would not, since they were so content with so little, the thing to do, I move, is ourselves to cut it out and go on to set up, gradually, some higher standards of local political service. For example:

An educated, retired, leisurely community like Carmel should demand of candidates for office that they have and show some signs of imagination, creative taste, patient leadership and delight in executive management. Too much? Some cities are getting these gifts in office and not always from honest men. I have known political crooks who have had artistic social virtues. The reformers of Washington wont allow it, but there has been a wish to set up a monument to old Boss Shepherd, who deserves one. But Carmel is a young and (unwillingly) growing town with no crooks at all, with a lot of artists and writers who are neither crooks or honest men, and the rest mostly nice loafers. We might go ahead and show the way and we will, if we realy have *in petto* ourselves the qualifications suggested for our representatives.

CRIES: To Ella Young

There are sharp cries that go darting across my garden;
Bird cries, poignant, calling and singing throughout the day.
Out of the dawn, shrill screams of sea-birds pierce my waking,
Into the deepening dusk of twilight, they fell away.

What is life, but the flight of a bird through a garden?
A flutter, a flash of wings, a paean to the sun.
What is death, but a song that grows sleepy at evening?
A hush, that follows folding of wings, when day is done?

MARION ETHEL HAMILTON

From "The Ultimate Lover": Pascal Covici

Books

"SAINT UDO," By RICHARD L. MASTEN.

Houghton Mifflin Company, 1930.

Richard L. Masten, of Carmel Highlands, in this his first novel, "Saint Udo," has written a tale where sincerity mingles strangely with buffoonery. Masten has written part of it with his heart, part with his tongue in his cheek.

"Saint Uno" is the story of a gentle, conscientious priest of mediaeval Italy. Wrapped in peace and monastic calm, used to spending his days dreaming in the monastery garden—gentle Father Udo becomes trapped by the movement of life about him. Udo the Martyr is created from thin air.

Because Father Udo had no patron saint worthy of the name; and regarded his confessional office as sacred—an uncomfortable attitude when he knew so much of interest to the feudal powers of Colenna—he died a victim of the rack, and several centuries later was duly canonized. But *how* is Masten's tale.

"Saint Udo the Great and Saint Udo the Austere; both had spoiled, as it were, on his hands. In his youth he had greatly admired the former, that intrepid warrior king who carried the cross to Saracen Africa and conquered the upstart Suleiman in the great battle of Sidi bel Abbas. But in his zeal to learn ever more about his hero he had learned too much. There was the little matter of a thousand prisoners beheaded at one moment by a thousand Christian swordsmen as an offering to the Faith... "Udo the Austere had demanded of others the same austerity which he himself exercised, and as he was something of a power both in state and church had been able to visit considerable punishment upon those caught surrendering to the blandishments of the world, the flesh, and the devil..."

So neither Saint Udo would do.

Father Udo had to invent a new one—Udo the Martyr—a model patron saint. With his creation he was able to foil a duke, rescue a duchess, and die with an ecstasy he could not have known otherwise.

Here is a plot that might have been contrived by Sabatini and Thornton Wilder. One almost needs two imaginations to read it.

A HAND IN BOOK-MAKING

The Carmelite has carried the Lawrence Supplement to a point one step removed from completion. One more fold, then slit the tops, and a sixteen page booklet is ready for the reader.

The book is remarkable for its lovable chief character, who is so well portrayed that many imperfections may be glossed over. Masten, in achieving simplicity for his priest, has been bilked by having considerable of that simplicity ooze over into a romantic plot. Romance demands subtlety as well as fire; it cannot be simple or obvious; suspense is its very life. The author was faced with a difficult proposition: how to lead a character of breadth on to fatality through the medium of lesser characters, not big—in fact, so small that at times they seem to have little

(*Turn to page nine, following Supplement*)

THE SEVEN ARTS
BOOKSELLERS
PUBLISHERS
IMPORTERS

OUR SEVEN BEST SELLERS:_

THE WOMAN OF ANDROS *by* THORNTON WILDER

DEAR JUDAS *by* ROBINSON JEFFERS

MILLIONS OF CATS *by* WANDA G'AG

CARMEL AT WORK AND PLAY
by DAISY BOSTICK *and* DOROTHEA CASTLEHUN

A MODERN COMEDY *by* JOHN GALSWORTHY

SAINT UDO *by* RICHARD MASTEN

THE NORMAL DIET by W. D. SANSUM

SEVEN ARTS BUILDING
PHONE CARMEL SEVEN

place in the book. The language is sometimes obvious, frequently removed from freshness about these faults (they may not be faults at all, the reviewer has made a dozen worse in this paragraph.) Certainly Masten displays genuine insight and real power. He gives promise of growth, not so much beyond what he has done in certain fine passages and situations here, but a more perfect whole.

* * *

" 'The worst that can be said of Udo patron saint and tried to be worthy of himself, which may not be such a bad idea after all.' "

So closes the history of that bovine and devoted saint, Udo the Martyr.

But not entirely. In the window of the Seven Arts Bookshop this week is a photograph of Masten flanked by copies of "Saint Udo." How or why we do not know—but the artist who drew the priest upon the paper covers of the book copied the author's features. So don't be surprised some day if you see Udo the Martyr sliding for home base at an Abalone League game.

B. G.

MESEMBRYANTHEMUM

A plant with a name that stretches from Pebble Beach toll-gate to Fisherman's wharf has been selected to cover the bare slopes of the "cut" on Carmel hill.

Mesembryanthemum—note the political significance of letters six to ten—was selected because it is a trailing perennial that loves the sea. Though the soil is poor where the new grade cuts through atop the hill, the view is excellent. And *mesembryanthemum* cannot live without an ocean view. So it is thought that, despite the sterility of the soil and the length of the name, the sight of Monterey bay in the distance may be enough to give the plant hope and sustenance.

* * *

Any day now, as you drive your neighbor's car over the hill to support the home town by trading in Monterey, you may see landscape artists (do we hear Mme. Navas-Rey correcting us?) poking sprigs of *mesembryanthemum* (is that the way we spelled it before?) into the hillside.

Anyway, the "Pine Cone" called them ice plants. Industrial establishments occasionaly may be beautiful—witness the silvery storage tanks of Monterey. But ice plants along the highway; no, we prefer *mesem* . . . . but you will have to finish it this time.

NOTES FROM THE LIBRARY

(*Contributed*)

During the past week the Harrison Memorial Library has been the recipient of several very acceptable gifts. From the estate of Mrs. Marion McClellan Hall came some lovely books and a pair of andirons. As we counted her among our best friends, we were very happy when her mother, Mrs. Anna L. McClellan, offered us her library.

Earlier in the week Mr. Sayers of the School of Woodcarving had given us some charming andirons, so now all we need is another fireplace, which the Girl Scouts have eagerly offered us.

From New York came a complete set of Booth Tarkington in a beautifully bound and printed limited edition.

A number of new fiction titles have been received recently, among others:

Baldwin—Office Wife
Burman—Mississippi
Cannon—Heirs
Deeping—Exile
Dell—Altar of Honor
Evarts—Shaggy Legion
Hamilton—Three Against Fate
Ferber—Cimaron
Hueston—Birds Fly South
Komroff—Coronet
Lutz—Lady Bird
Martin—Yoked With a Lamb
Mulford—Deputy Sheriff
Onions—Today's Daughter
Orczy—Adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel
Rice—Voyage to Purilia
Richardson—Australia Felix
Roberts—The Great Meadow
Sinclair—Mountain City
Sedgwick—The Encounter
Wilder—Woman of Andros
Williams—Touchstone
Wodehouse—Meet Mr. Mulliner
Wren—Mammon of Righteousness

Some older titles recently added to the collection include:

Chekhov—Chorus Girl
Gogol—Overcoat
Favre de Coulevain—On the Branch
Patterson—American Homes of Today
Beck—Constitution of the United States.
Cellini—Autobiography
Hall—Faery Lands of the South Seas
Guedalla—The Second Empire
Martin—The Meaning of a Liberal Education
Merz—Great American Bandwagon
Newcomb—Astronomy for Everybody
Wiggam—New Decalogue of Science

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An Authentic Biography

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SOMETHING NEW

A CORRESPONDENCE BIBLE CLASS

We believe that in every nation, or denomination, he that worships God with his whole heart, is acceptable unto him.

Christianity is not a set of theories about God and Christ, but is the birth and development of the Chist Spirit in the heart of the believer. Please read John, chapters 1, 3, 14 and 17.

LESSON QUESTION No. 1
What must we do to receive this Spiritual Birth?

ANSWER: Read what Peter said on the day of Pentecost. Acts chapter 2. "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask God."

JAMES 1: 5.

R. W. BREWER

312 Nineteenth Ave. San Francisco.

Phone: EVergreen0452

Picking Up a Few "Strands"

FRANK SHERIDAN

(Continued from last week)

One of the most delightful affairs to think over afterwards—mind you, I said afterwards—happened down in Texas. It started in Denver, where I had been heavy man for one Sackett at his Curtis Street Theatre. I have a row with Sackett's brother-in-law and am doing nicely, thank you, when Sackett steps in; not thinking of the future, I hand Mr. Sackett a healthy one, and he hands the property-man an order to throw my trunks out on the street and to throw me there also if I went backstage.

There I am in Denver with about fifty dollars in my pocket and no work: and, to make it interesting, it is the brokest city in the country—the year is 1893 and the silver panic is in full swing. You could have bought the whole town for a thousand dollars in gold. There was, among others "resting in Denver, an actor named Harry Barlow; he had an wife, and an actor chum; I had two actor chums—one had a wife and daughter. All were happy to take a chance.

Sheridan and Barlow being near broke, financed a company. Paid in capital a hundred dollars. We opened with a Rep of six plays in La Junta, Colorado. "Next stand Los Animas." And so on. Tanks, tanks; nothing but. We heard about a strip of territory that never had a show—a place called "The Panhandle," in Texas. We for "The Panhandle." Leaving Clayton, N. M., where we played in a schoolhouse, seating a total of ninety—we charged them two-bits to look at our "All-Star Metropolitan Players" through the windows:— we made our first Texas stand at Amarillo. I counted the houses there one day, there were twenty-seven that were lived in. Look at it now.

We made enough there to get out of town on, with the help of a nice landlord who ran a darned good hotel. I hope he's well and happy.

We went down the line, Quanah, Claredon, Henrietta, Bowie, Wichita Falls and Iowa Park, where we built a theatre out of a farming implement storehouse, till we finally came to Cleburne the beginning of May.

* *

Have you ever been in Texas in Summer time? No. Well don't. I think it was my namesake, General Sheridan, who said: "If I owned Texas and owned Hell, I'd sell Texas and live in Hell."

That town was named after an Irishman who, as his Confederate troops claimed, "always gave the Yanks merry hell." General Patrick Cleburne was the lad's name, and the town of Cleburne gave this yank merry hell just to keep up the good work.

We didn't play to enough during the week to pay the railroad for the fares from the last town—Bowie, I think—as we came in "on our trunks;" in other words the railroad had a lien on our trunks till we paid up. They may still have my trunk for all I know; but the wardrobe—Ah! that's another story.

To come to "cases" we blew up. The landlord spoke sharply and to the point. Wild telegraphing by members of the company to points where idle money was looking for investment. Tolls were high and I sent but one wire—it wasn't answered. In two days everyone was gone save Jack Nicholson and myself. Jack had written to a cousin not having the price of a telegram.

We applied at a boarding house for food and shelter; the landlady as well as the rest of the town knew we were broke and she objected to our presence unless we showed cause. She gave me a lead when she said that "her son always did want a dress suit and if I'd sell mine, which would about fit him (she had seen the show) she'd let the two of us have board and room for two weeks." Pretty soft, thought I: but I stressed the pain of parting with my most valued possession, but failed to mention that I bought that suit in a Denver hock-shop for three dollars. Remember, it was silver panic year and you could have bought a full wardrobe and a trunk for twelve dollars and thirty cents in that town.

Three days passed in luxury when Nicholson got notice that transportation to Denver and two dollars were waiting him at the station. Exit Jack. There I am like the mate of the Nancy brig.

A week went by. There were rumors of smallpox being around somewhere. More rumors. It was camped in the outskirts. It was approaching the center of the position. Just one day before my time was up to eat and sleep regularly, a quarantine was put on the town. That called for action. The next day I was out on the street boarding houseless. I couldn't stay in that burg—and I couldn't leave it even if I walked out of it. Deep thinking was the order of the hour.

After much research I called upon a druggist in the square who happened to be selectman or councilman—you know, one of the men who run the town—I explained that I had to walk the streets that night and had to eat once a day at least but did not want to become a burden to the taxpayers of the charming town of Cleburne; so if the aldermen would appropriate a few dollars and a guide to show me the way across lots to McKinney, the next town, I'd make a tender farewell speech and travel. He paid me several nice compliments about my acting, then told me that the town had no funds to pay actor's fares out of town. When I told him of the danger in having a hungry, desperate man roaming around at night throwing stones through the big plate windows of the plutocratic stores in the square, he became interested. A laugh at first, then a nice sociable chat which ending him loaning me ten dollars and calling a colored boy to drive me to McKinney where I could take the train—"passenger trains weren't stopping at our town these days." I gave that druggist the goodbye of a very grateful man, and started for Dallas, where I might get a job of some kind.

(To be continued)

baked delicacies to add the finishing touches to the menu

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Between You and Me

By THE LAMP-POST

Jo Davidson had always intended to make a bust of D. H. Lawrence. This year he did a number of English writers —Frank Swinnerton, Bernard Shaw, Hugh Walpole, Somerset Maugham. Then he went to the South of France to sculp H. G. Wells and while there he went to Vence and did Lawrence. Five days later Lawrence died. Davidson had no idea the novelist was so ill. Nevertheless, "there is a sort of look that has crept into that bust which is almost haunting," he writes.

* * *

The Lamp-post has something to confess. A heresy. Going over the hill to Monterey the first glimpse of the bay between those high steep banks of bare soil —of red-brown, rough soil—was beautiful. It is a pity that the outcry against the strong yellow bareness has led them to put in ice-plants. Soon those spare strong-knit banks will be a mass of loose lipped, fleshy, untidy, trailing mesembrianthemum, of which there is so much already. Is this the American craze for standardization, uniformity? Those bare, earthy banks were the only thing of the kind in the whole neighborhood; now they will give place to something we can see anywhere.

* * *

Carmel has the most courteous police force in America. Recently a contributor to The Carmelite pulled up in a car outside The Carmelite office, double-parked, and was about to step out of the car when Gus, on the opposite pavement looked, looked shocked and wagged a forefinger. The culprit drove on to the post office. There the Chief caught up.

"Weren't you just going to get out of your car?" he asked.

"Yes," simpered the culprit, "I have this copy to deliver. . .Gus, would you take my copy to The Carmelite for me?" The Chief of Police held out his hand. We wonder what the editor thought. [Thought it was another summons, but what difference does one more or less make?]

* * *

For many months the Carmel Library has been collecting magazines papers and books for the convicts at the Litttle Sur prison camp. Men and women in Carmel took their magazines to the library, carted them down to the basement, believing they would bring a little pleasure into the lives of these men. The librarian asked the camp authorities to send for the papers, two, three, four, five times; they responded they would come sometime." Almost a year passed. Now the librarian has had to give the pile away to the Salvation Army. Might this not provide a good deed for the energetic Boy Scouts of Carmel—to take the next collection dwon to the prisoners.

GAS COMES TO DOLORES STREET

Sunday morning church bells started to peal—and stopped. Dogs howled dismally. Men walked the streets stupefied, fingers in ears. Women wailed.

No, not an eclipse—simply a yammering, staccatto attack of jackhammers on the sidewalk of Dolores Street. Steel-monster trucks pumped air to tools that shivered and danced, chattered and coughed, biting the sidewalk away.

Men with picks and shovels followed after; orderly cries came, and men moved in unison, laying snaky black pipe in trenches; men with shovels shoveled and filed—and the tampers shivered and danced on top.

Behind came a man with a broom.

The gas was in. Men had brought it, men working like machines. Every man was doing his share. Perfect cogs. But the jackhammers and tampers weren't cogs. This was life to them, not labor. The men were too little like men. They seemed strained, silent, tensed.

One thought of polo at Del Monte—of the Argentines, the Midwickians—one even got as far as the third green of the were sweating, tools were dancing, the machine was barking and savagely biting —concrete and flesh—and ideas about polo and golf.

"Is this a trained crew of men?" we asked the foreman.

"No," he said, "just any old bum—pick 'em up anywheres—they don't need no training. It's the way it's worked out. Tear this street up in an hour. Fix it in three-quarters. Reason we do it Sunday is so as business can go on tomorrow. Move right along, that's it."

A man was holding a tamper. His whole body shook. It would have been no surprise to have seen his teeth fall out. "Hey!" we yelled, "How does it feel to run one of those things?" His gaze was blank through the deafening noise. We yelled again. He shut the tamper off. "How does it feel?" he grinned. "Aw, it's easy after the first ten or twelve hours. You hold it easy, see—just hold it easy, don't grab it. If you grab it, it'll shake you to pieces. Hold it easy, don't grab it. Watch."

He turned it on again. We watched. This time we thought his eyes would drop out. No tamprs or jackhammers for us. Maybe less polo and golf, too. Certainly no jackhammers.

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THE EDUCATION OF PARENTS BY THEIR CHILDREN

Last Wednesday night, Carmel fathers, mothers and teachers listened to an interesting lecture when Dr. Herbert R. Stolz spoke on the possibilities of parents being educated by their children. Dr. Stolz, who is director of the Institute of Child Welfare in Berkeley, has carried on scientific investigations which gave the points he developed a degree of validity.

The great error in the rearing of children, according to Dr. Stolz, is the tendency to emotionalize rather than to use a method of objective study and treatment. It is better, therefore, to study children other than one's own. It is a grave fallacy that blind devotion, or mother love (which Dr. Stolz defined as the instinct to "boss something human") will produce fine characters and efficient citizens.

But, the subject of the lecture was the education of "parents" by their children. Dr. Stolz made the statement that those who come in contact with child life have an entirely different attitude—they may enjoy the unique experience of re-living dreams, ambitions, of seeing goals nearer accomplishment.

Children encourage or force a self-understanding the "devastating" effects of which adults like to avoid. They hesitate not in speaking the truth. Moreover, while adults rarely dare investigate within, if they study one so very closely associated, they learn much regarding mannerisms, physical traits, mental characteristics. Thus they come to something nearer the "Know thyself" point.

Dr. Stolz showed that one advantage of the presence of children is the growth fostered when child-life upsets the deadening "conservatism" of adulthood, bringing in effects of new environment, changing conditions in society, as well as new "slang" expressions and gossip of the neighbors.

Most civic problems are given an added zest by interest in children. Problems such as public health, education, parks, and the like, in many instances would be neglected were it not for the young life in the comunity.

In conclusion, Dr. Stolz emphasized the importance of scientific research in the place of propaganda—the value of suspended judgment *versus* conservatism—the ability to rationalize.

We should give the child a fine body, abundance of vitality, a critical mind. Then, rather than heaping upon the child innumerable facts, we should give a variety of methods by which he may attain knowledge when he needs it, keeping in mind the fact that education in the last analysis is a matter of the assembling and using of knowledge one already possesses.

A. M. B.

BREAD LINE

He came bristling into the office.

" * ! æ @ * ! ¤ ‡ ¶ § * * * No siree, by the Lord Harry, I'm through. Here we go and work like * * * * galley slaves fixin' up a thirty-five cent feed as an inducement to get them there to listen to somethin' for the good of their immortal souls, and wouldye believe it, one hundred and sixty-seven of 'em came for the banquet at thirty-five cents and only sixty-five of 'em stayed for the talk. * ! * ! *No siree, I've said it before, but this time I mean it—I'm through, finished, napoo; in other words, no more."

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS..

(The Carmelite is the Official Newspaper of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea.)

ORDINANCE NO. 101

AN ORDINANCE CALLING, GIVING NOTICE OF, AND PROVIDING FOR A SPECIAL MUNICIPAL ELECTION TO BE HELD IN THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA FOR THE PURPOSE OF SUBMITTING TO THE QUALIFIED VOTERS THEREOF A PROPOSITION TO INCUR A BONDED DEBT BY SAID CITY FOR THE ACQUISITION OF CERTAIN MUNICIPAL IMPROVEMENTS, AND CONSOLIDATING SAID ELECTION WITH THE GENERAL MUNICIPAL ELECTION TO BE HELD IN SAID CITY ON APRIL 14, 1930.

WHEREAS, The Council of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, California, on the 10th day of March, 1930, at an adjourned regular meeting of said Council, by the vote of more than two-thirds of all its members, to-wit, by the unanimous vote of all the members thereof, did duly and regularly adopt its Resolution No. 462 of said Council determining that the public interest, convenience and necessity of said City demand the acquisition of the certain municipal improvements described in said Resolution and hereinafter referred to and declared by said Resolution to be necessary and convenient to carry out the objects, purposes and powers of said municipality and the cost of which will be too great to be paid out of the ordinary annual income and revenue thereof, said income and revenue last named amounting to the sum of $40,633.35, or thereabouts; now, therefore,

THE COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, DO ORDAIN AS FOLLOWS:

Section 1. A special municipal election is hereby called and ordered to be held in the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea on Monday, the 14th day of April, 1930, for the purpose of submitting to the qualified voters of said City the proposition of incurring a bonded debt by said municipality for the acquisition of municipal improvements hereinafter described.

Section 2. The objects and purposes for which said indebtedness is proposed to be incurred, the estimated cost of said proposed public improvements, and the amount of principal of the indebtedness to be incurred therefor, are as follows:

1. The acquisition by purchase of fire fighting equipment for the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, including one motor driven pumper fire engine with appurtenances and fire hose, at the estimated cost of $15,000.00.

Section 3. The maximum rate of interest to be paid on the said proposed indebtedness for said improvements shall be five (5) per cent per annum payable semi-annually.

Section 4. The Council of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea hereby finds and determines that said city has incurred no indebtedness for public improvements save and except as follows:

1. Municipal Improvement Bonds issue of the year 1921 in the total sum of Fifteen Thousand dollars, interest six per cent per annum, payable semi-annually, balance unpaid but not yet due $7000.00.

And said Council further determines that said present bonded indebtedness of said city for municipal improvements in said sum of Seven Thousand dollars, together with the total of said proposed indebtedness for said public improvements hereinabove described, amounting to the sum of Fifteen Thousand Dollars as aforesaid, does not and will not exceed in the aggregate fifteen (15) per cent of the assessed valuation of all the real and personal property in said City, which said assessed valuation amounts to the sum of $3,221,855, or thereabouts.

Section 5. Said special municipal election hereby called and ordered to be held shall be held and conducted, notice thereof given, the votes thereat received and canvassed, the returns thereof made, and the result thereof ascertained, determined and declared in pursuance of the provisions of that certain Act of the Legislature of the State of California entitled "An Act authorizing the incurring of indebtedness by cities, towns and municipal corporations for municipal improvements and regulating the acquisition, construction, or completion thereof," which became a law without the governor's approval February 25, 1901, and the amendments to said Act; provided, however, that said Council does hereby determine and order that said special municipal election be and it is hereby consolidated with the general municipal election to be held in said City on Monday, the 14th day of April, 1930, said general municipal election being fixed by law, at which the qualified voters of said City are entitled to vote; provided, further, that pursuant to the provisions of the certain Act last above mentioned such provisions setting forth the procedure for the calling, and holding, of elections thereunder shall be complied with except that the election precincts, polling places and officers of election in said special municipal election hereby called and consolidated as aforesaid with said general municipal election, shall be the same as those set forth in Resolution No. 461 of said Council calling said general municipal election, which Resolution last named was duly passed by said Council on the 10th day of February, 1930, and is now on file in the office of the City Clerk of said City and is hereby referred to for further particulars.

Section 6. The ballots to be used at said general municipal election as provided for by said Resolution No. 461 shall be also used for said special municipal election so consolidated, provided, however, that the following proposition shall appear thereupon in the appropriate position, to wit:

PROPOSITION

Shall the City of Carmel-By-The Sea incur a bonded indebtedness for the acquisition by purchase of fire fighting equipment for the fire department of said city including one motor driven pumper fire engine with appurtenances and fire hose at the cost of $15,000.00?

YES
NO

Section 7. The compensation of each of the election officers appointed to act as such at said election by said Resolution No. 461 shall be as fixed in said Resolution last named.

Section 8. The polls for said election shall be opened at the hour of seven o'clock A. M. of said day and shall be kept open until the hour of seven o'clock P.M. of said day (excepting

The Screen

by THE OUTSIDER

"Hell Harbor" (Inspiration Pictures): This is good entertainment, and Henry King's direction is as good as any he has ever shown, which is saying a lot.

Jean Hersholt and Lupe Valez are featured and are worth it—but the hit is a newcomer to the screen, a comedian, Paul E. Burns—a very funny man.

"Hell's Harbor" is taken from a novel by Rita Johnson Young, "Out of the Night." Dialogue by Clarke Silvernail is superior. Scenes shot in Caribbean Sea territory, and excellent. It's a box-office winner.

* * *

"The Other Tomorrow" (First National): Billie Dove starring. This is an interesting picture. Simple story, well directed by Lloyd Bacon, and well acted. Billie Dove is beautiful, as usual, and wears exotic gowns, even when she has to go out into a rainstorm. Grant Withers is a nice quiet hero. Kenneth Thompson has a difficult villain to handle, and does it well. Frank Sheridan (he of Carmel) scores a hit also as a philosophical sheriff who has a sense of humor. William Grainger is very good as his running mate. It's a good program picture and worth seeing.

* * *

"Double Cross Roads" (Fox): Featuring Lila Lee and Robert Ames. I am "fed up" on underworld stuff until I see one like this. It's a hum-dinger. Suspense is there till you want to yell. And what a company of actors in support—Ned Sparks, Tom Jackson, Charlotte Walker, George McFarland, Montagu Love, Edith Chapman and others just as competent. A cast without a flaw.

* * *

"His Dark Chapter"—Reginald Denny starring. This takes Denny out of his usual line of comedy and shows him as a straight hero—with, of course, many laughs interspersed. He is good; it's a fairly good story, and a good company plays it. Charles Colman is worthy of being featured—a natural laugh-getter. Harvey Clark scores a hit.

* * *

"The Light of Western Stars" (Paramount): Richard Arlen and Mary Brian featured. All that you ever saw in those "wide-open-spaces-plays" is crowded into this "talkie." Dialogue helps this style of play enormously.

Murders, gun-fights, battles between rival gangs, and all the stuff that gladdens the heart of the small boy, pop up every few hundred feet. It certainly is a "wow" as such things go.

Didn't care much for the stars. Fred Kohler grabs the honors easily. Harry Green was funny in the cut-and-dried Jew comic stuff. Good direction and fine photography.

* * *

"The Benson Murder Case" (Fox)—Featuring William Powell. Another S. S. Van Dine mystery story. A bit tiresome. If it hadn't been for good acting by the company it would have died in fifteen minutes. Eugene Paulette and William Boyd were most effective.

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as provided by Section 1164 of the Political Code of the State of California when said polls shall be closed.)

Section 9. Any qualified voter of said City may vote in favor of or against the proposition hereby submitted by stamping a cross (X) in the block or space or vote square to the right of and opposite the answer he or she desires to give: and all ballots stamped with a cross in the square to the right of and opposite the word "Yes" shall be counted in favor of declaring the bonded indebtedness stated in such proposition; and all ballots stamped with a cross (X) in the square to the right of and opposite the word "No" shall be counted as against the proposition so voted upon and against incurring the indebtedness stated in such proposition.

Section 10. It shall not be necessary to print or send out sample ballots for said special municipal election so consolidated, but said City Clerk shall cause this Ordinance, upon its final passage and approval, to be published once a week for two weeks in The Carmelite, a weekly newspaper of general circulation, printed, published and circulated in said City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, the official newspaper thereof and hereby designated for such purpose and one insertion for two succeeding weeks shall be a sufficient publication therein.

Section 11. The Council of said City hereby determines that the public interest, convenience and necessity of said City demand the aquisition of said public improvements above described; that said improvements are necessary and convenient to carry out the objects, purposes and powers of said municipality, and that said Council will and does hereby submit said proposition to the qualified voters of said City at said special municipal election, so consolidated.

Section 12. The bonds authorized to be issued pursuant to said election shall be negotiable in form and of the character known as serial and shall bear interest at five (5) per cent per annum, payable semi-annually, principal and interest payable in lawful money of the United States of America in the manner hereinafter set forth.

Section 13. The total indebtedness authorized to be created at said election shall be represented by bonds payable as in this Ordinance provided: that said bonds shall be issued in such denominations as said Council shall hereafter authorize except that no bonds shall be of a denomination less than one hundred dollars ($100) nor of a denomination greater than one thousand dollars ($1000). In the event that bonds to represent the indebtedness proposed in said proposition set forth above, shall be authorized at said election, the same shall be embraced in one bond issue and shall be known as and designated "Municipal Improvement Bonds, Issue of 1930."

Section 14. One-tenth (1-10th) part of the whole amount of said indebtedness created and authorized under said propositions shall be paid each and every year and shall be paid at the office of the Treasurer of said City in said City of Carmel-by-the-Sea on the day and date to be hereafter fixed by said Council, to-wit, the legislative body of said City, together with interest on all sums unpaid at such a date provided that interest on all of said bonds shall be paid semi-annually so that there shall be a payment of interest on all sums then unpaid each and every half year, one of such semi-annual payments in each year being paid at the date of the payment of the annual installment of the principal of such indebtedness; provided that one of such semi-annual payments of interest shall be made payable and shall be paid on the 2nd day of January of each year, and provided, further, that all such interest shall be evidenced by the proper coupons attached to such bonds for each payment of interest to become due thereon.

Section 15. On Monday, the 21st day of April, 1930, the returns of said election shall be canvassed by said Council at the Council Chamber thereof in the City Hall of said City at the hour of seven-thirty o'clock P. M. of said day in the manner provided by law, and the result thereof declared; and if it shall appear from such returns as made and the results so declared that two-thirds of the qualified voters voting at said election on said proposition voted in favor of such proposition, then bonds of said City in the amount of and as set forth in such proposition so carried shall be issued and sold to the highest and best bidder for cash, but not, however, for less than the par value of such bonds and accrued interest thereon.

Section 16. In the event that said Municipal Improvement Bonds shall be issued and sold then said Council at the time of fixing the general tax levy and in the manner for such general tax levy provided shall levy and collect annually, until said bonds are paid (or until there shall be a sum in the treasury of said City set apart for that purpose, sufficient to meet all sums coming due for principal and interest on said bonds) a tax sufficient to pay the annual interest on said bonds, and also such part of the principal thereof as shall become due before the time for fixing the next general tax levy.

Section 17. This Ordinance being an Ordinance calling and providing for an election shall, pursuant to the laws of the State of California, take effect and be in force from and after its its final passage and approval.

PASSED AND ADOPTED BY THE COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA This 17th day of March, 1930, by the votes of more than two-thirds of all the members thereof, to-wit, by the following vote:

AYES: Councilmen Bonham, Wood, Jordan, Gottfried, Rockwell.

NOES: Councilmen: None.

ABSENT: Councilmen: None.

APPROVED March 17, 1930.

ROSS E. BONHAM,
Mayor of said City.

ATTEST:
SAIDEE VAN BROWER,
City Clerk.

I, the undersigned Clerk of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea and Ex-Officio Clerk of the Council of said City, hereby certify that the foregoing Ordinance No. 101 is a true and correct copy of Ordinance No. 101 of said City, which was introduced at an adjourned regular meeting on March 11, 1930. Passed and adopted on the 17th day of March, 1930, by the votes of more than two-thirds of all the members of the aforesaid Council, to-wit, by the following vote:

AYES: Councilmen Bonham, Wood, Jordan, Gottfried, Rockwell.

NOES: Councilmen: None.

ABSENT: Councilmen: None.

ATTEST: SAIDEE VAN BROWER,
City Clerk.

(OFFICIAL SEAL)

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS..

(The Carmelite is the Official Newspaper of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea.)

ORDINANCE NO. 100

AN ORDINANCE TO REQUIRE ALL WASTE PIPES AND HOUSE CONNECTION SEWER PIPES TO BE CONNECTED WITH THE SANITARY SEWERS OF THE CITY-OF-CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA OR CARMEL SANITARY DISTRICT ON OR BEFORE THE FIRST DAY OF JANUARY, 1932, AND PRESCRIBING PENALTIES FOR THE VIOLATION HEREOF.

THE COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA DO ORDAIN AS FOLLOWS:

Section 1. That all waste pipes and house connection sewers leading from any building, structure, or outhouse in said City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, to any septic tank or cesspool in said city, and all such waste pipes and house connection sewer pipes hereafter constructed, be and they are hereby required where physically practicable to be connected with the sanitary sewers of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, or of the Carmel Sanitary District; provided, however, that such waste pipes and house connection sewers as are now in existence and which are now discharging waste fluids or solids or sewage into cesspools or septic tanks in said City shall be exempted from the provisions of this section to and including the first day of January, 1932.

Section 2. That any person, firm, or corporation violating any of the provisions of this ordinance shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof shall be punishable by a fine of not exceeding the sum of Fifty ($50) Dollars, or by imprisonment in the City jail of said City or the County jail of Monterey County, California, for a period not exceeding ten (10) days, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

Section 3. That this ordinance shall take effect and be in force thirty days from and after its final passage and approval.

PASSED AND ADOPTED BY THE COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, this 17th day of March, 1930, by the following vote, to-wit:

AYES: Councilmen: Bonham, Wood, Gottfried, Jordan, Rockwell.

NOES: COUNCILMEN: None.

ABSENT: COUNCILMEN: None.

APPROVED: March 17th, 1930.

ROSS E. BONHAM

APPROVED: March 17th, 1930.

ROSS E. BONHAM,
Mayor of said City.

ATTEST: SAIDEE VAN BROWER,
City Clerk

(OFFICIAL SEAL)

I, the undersigned Clerk of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea and Ex-Officio Clerk of the Council of said City, hereby certify that the foregoing Ordinance No. 100 is a true and correct copy of Ordinance No. 100 of said City, which was introduced at an adjourned regular meeting on March 11, 1930. Passed and adopted on the 17th day of March, 1930, by the votes of more than two-thirds of all the members of the aforesaid Council, to-wit, by the following vote:

AYES: Councilmen Bonham, Wood, Jordan, Gottfried, Rockwell.

NOES: Councilmen: None.

ABSENT: Councilmen: None.

ATTEST: SAIDEE VAN BROWER,
City Clerk.

(OFFICIAL SEAL)

NOTICE OF ELECTION
FOR
ELEMENTARY SCHOOL TRUSTEE
(Section 2.873, School Code)

NOTICE is hereby given to the Electors of Sunset Elementary School District of Monterey County, California, that the Annual Election for School Trustee will be held on March 28, 1930, at Sunset School.

There will be one trustee to elect for three years.

The polls will be opened between the hours of 12 o'clock M. and 6:00 o'clock P.M.

The officers appointed to conduct the election are: Norman T. Reynolds, Inspector. Florence Very Wilson, Judge. Edna M. Sheridan, Judge.

HESTER HALL SCHOENINGER,
FREDERICK BIGLAND,
CLARA N. KELLOGG, (Clerk)
Trustees, Sunset School District.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION
OF PARTNERSHIP

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that we, the undersigned, have by mutual agreement, dissolved the partnership existing between us, and which we conducted under the firm name and style of FOREST HILL SCHOOL, at the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, in Monterey County, State of California. Minna Steel Harper will discharge all outstanding obligations of Forest Hill School, and all indebtedness owing to Forest Hill School may be paid to her.

MABLE SPICKER
MINNA STEEL HARPER

(A copy of the above will be printed in the Carmelite for a period of two weeks.)

IN PRAISE OF
CRAFTSMANSHIP

William Johnstone, whose recent exhibition of paintings at the Woodward studio aroused much interest, has done three heads—of Father Serra, of an Indian and of a Spanish soldier—for the Dolores Street branch of the Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank, now nearing completion.

The heads carry a rugged symbolism. Johnstone has caught very well the historical color and spirit of early California. The head of Father Serra is especially well conceived. Where used for interior decoration, the figures will be of Caen stone. Plaster casts are now inside the building. Heads over the outer doorway will be of Bedford stone.

It is very encouraging to see the work of Carmel artists being applied to practical building of the town. Homes and business structures here may reflect creative imagination.

Mr. Johnstone made the Lindbergh linoleum cut for the cover of The Carmelite week before last. Nearing publication time the paper found that a cut received from San Francisco was unsatisfactory. The "dead-line" was an hour away. Linoleum was hastily procured, Mr. Johnstone hunted down and the hardly fair request put to him that he execute a cover illustration within the hour.

Within twenty minutes working time we had our cut of Lindbergh and it is still being talked about.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone are doing some vigorous work in their studio at the Forge in the Forest. Mrs. Johnstone is shaping chalk-rock slabs for fireplace panels and other decorative uses. A piece now underway in this native medium has as its motif a gay treatment of chubby whales, sharks, porpoises and a story-book dragon. She has caught an essential lightness overlooked by many.

The Johnstones are giving Carmel something that is needed—creative practicality, the ability to lend humility to the big, real feeling to humbler things. A visit to the studio-workroom at the Forge in the Forest takes one instantly into that world of creative labor which is the life's blood of our town.

Carmel owes a great deal of its vitality to the workers in clay and iron, wood and canvas, who have chosen to come here. There is a sturdy reality about their work that bolsters up even the playwrights, the writers and composers. Work in stone and clay is especially in harmony with the fundamental hardnes of this setting, and should be encouraged in every way if we hope to maintain the basic vigor of our background.

FOR RENT

Unfurnished home, two bedrooms, short distance from business centre, on two lots 80x100, wooded and fine marine view. Reasonable terms for long or short period. Would also consider sale on terms to suit.

Write Box 1177, Carmel.

JAZZ piano lessons; reasonable prices. Studio at Twelfth and Lincoln. Appointment by telephone. John N. Cabaniss. Telephone Carmel 557.

LEEGAL NOTICE

This is to inform the people of Carmel that I am now in the house painting business in order to pay some bills or something. I will paint practickly anything, but I would rather do water-color sketches of a cute house anna garden. The price is reely qwite reesonable exsept in wet weather when I am obliged to rent an umbrella. Samples submitted at a minits notice!

PEGGY PALMER
Carmel 743
(Phone—Wire—Write—or Yell!)

P. S. you will simply screem when you see how attractive they are. advt.

THE CARMELITE JUNIOR

JO SCHOENINGER — *Editor*
BILLY DURNEY — *Associate Editor*

The Editors of this page are not responsible for what may appear elsewhere in The Carmelite.

ENTERED AT CARMEL POST OFFICE THROUGH THE SIDE DOOR

EDITORIAL

We will have to apoligize for not living up to our announcement that we would try to correct the spelling in coming issues because, what with geting our copy to the linotype on time we have to neglect checking over our copy. We wish you to understand that the reason that you can see hat the boy scouts are doing. We are also trying to have about one half about Sunset School affairs.

SCOUTS

March thirteenth, Thursday, the meeting started by practising bandages for 15 minutes. Then a contest was held, and all turned out sucessfully, however. Afterwards tests were passed and more practice on bandaging and finished the odd jobs.

Business was discussed and then a few games were played. Afterwards a memory test was held. The scout-master brought up the following subjects:

1. The first Saturday in April we are going on a hike into the woods at Pacific Grove.

2. The second Friday in April we are going swimming to pas some tests on life-saving and swimming.

3. He concluded by saying that we will go to a show on the twenty eigth of March.

N. B.

SUNSET SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

The Sunset School Orchestra played the "March Militare" by Schubert for the P. T. A. Men's dinner March 13 and for the Sunset School assembly on March 14. It was played well both times by these players; Danny Lochwood, Flute, Janet Sayers, Zilaphone (spelled as it sounds), Edgar Lesly, Base Drum, Ramon Brown, Snare Drum, Bob Farley, John Sheridan and Stanley Clay. Violins: David Hagemeyer, Jean Spence and Marjorie Bullock.

B. D.

LINCOLN

Once upon a time there was a boy called Abe Lincoln, who lived with his father and mother. He was polite and honest. It was a poor family but they were very good people. Abe lived in was one big square room with a table, a bench, and about three stools. Above in the loft, were the beds, which were of straw. One day Abe barrowed a book from a friend, that night he put the book between the logs. During the night it rained and the book was spoiled, so Abe worked for his friend to pay for the book. Many more years after that Abe Lincoln became president of the United States.

Billy Darling
(Fourth Grade)

(Editors Note: The writer of this story was thinking of Lincoln recently, so he put it into words and we got hold of it.)

BOYS AT MEN'S DINNER

On Wednesday evening, March twelth, themen of the P. T. A. gave a dinner charging thirty five cents. The menu was: Fruit salad, rice, beans, cawliflower, and the desert. Mr. Sheridan was in charge of about sixteen boys, who served at the tables and cleared them off which entitled them to a dinner which we are sure everyone enjoyed. The boys had a lot of fun mixed in with their work.

D. C. L.

THE POPPY

California's favorite flower is the poppy,
All the rain and all the sunshine,
Makes it sweeter all the time.

Florence Pressler
4th Grade.

A BOAT

What fun to ride in a boat that will glide.
Look into the water deep.
Look into the water deep.
And it rocks softly, here and there,
Like putting a baby to sleep.

Jean Griffen
4th Grade

LIBRARY

Many children's books have been received from the bindery that were formerly on the shelves of the Carmel Public Library. Most of the old and tattered Children's books were sent and they came back in bright new conventional designed covers. The fifth and sixth Grades went to the library and were taught how to use the catalogue.

ART MOD'ERN

In the Seventh Grade we are taking a course in modern art, instructed by Miss Bear, the art teacher. If you should take a peek at the result, you would see all kinds of wierd lines and curves and if you look at them from day to day you would see them slowly develope into some object that would have never entered the artists mind when he began. We all think that it is a great "kick."

AIR MINDED

Being influenced by the famous flyer and his glider, the boys of Sunset School rushed to Stella's where they bought fifteen cent gliders and attempted to manouver them like Lindburg. Now if you look into the school you will probably see the red pieces of balsam wood floating on the air currants.

RAIN FEVER

The rain is falling,
The wind is calling,
To me.
I want to be playing,
I want to be saying,
"Whoopee!"
Then I'll go out and laught
At the rain,
Untill people will think
That I'm really insane.
Down at the beach the wind is blowing.
Up at the hills the sky is snowing,
For me.
I want to be playing,
I want to be saying,
"Whoopee!"

Announcing Another P·G·and E· Electric Rate Reduction

$2,400,000.00 Saving to Consumers

Now, electric rates for consumers of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company are reduced over Two Million, Four Hundred Thousand Dollars a year.

Lighting rates are cut to a maximum rate of 4½ cents per kilowatt hour for incorporated areas, with a similar reduction in all areas.

The new rates are of greatest benefit to the small consumer—the residence user, stores and offices. Substantial reductions have been made in commercial, industrial and agricultural power rates. Street lighting rates are reduced.

Domestic combination rates for consumers using lighting service and in addition having electric appliances for heating and/or cooking, are as low as 1½ cents per kilowatt hour. The new commercial lighting schedules provide for lighting rates as low as 2 cents per kilowatt hour.

These new schedules providing lower electric rates are designed to encourage liberal usage of electricity at low cost. The new rates are among the lowest obtainable anywhere.

ELECTRICITY IS CHEAPER — YOU CAN USE MORE — MAKE IT YOUR SERVANT

Let electricity brighten the gloomy corners. Let it do the cooking, ironing, washing. Let it sweep the floors, operate the electric fan, drive away chills. It will percolate the coffee, make the toast. keep food warm or cool and wholesome.

Modern electric appliances bring comfort, convenience and economy.

PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY

P·G·and E·

Owned · Operated · Managed
by Californians

110-330

SUPPLEMENT
TO THE
CARMELITE
VOL. III NO. 6
MARCH 19, 1930
C A R M E L

D. H. LAWRENCE

Foreword . . .

by Ella Winter

IN the afternoon we had talked about Lawrence at the Jeffers' house; Mabel Luhan had told of his days in Taos, of his ranch, of his trips to Mexico and had described his childhood and youth in England. Robinson Jeffers admires Lawrence greatly and as a result of that afternoon he sent some of his books to the English novelist in France. Lawrence was very much alive and present to us that day.

Next morning came a telephone message: a telegram had come, Lawrence was dead at a sanatorium in Vence.

The blow was so sudden, so unexpected—one felt personally struck.

Lawrence was not ready to die—he had more to say. He had an exquisite talent, a gift of concrete sensuous phrase, a direct call to warm human emotions. He appealed to the whole human being, mind and body, thought and feeling; his insight and perception cried out to the insight and perception of his reader without any need of bridges of intellectual interpretation. The very unevenness of his work brought him nearer. He certainly belied the modern commentary: "man is a creature run to brain."

It was Mabel Dodge Luhan who first brought Lawrence to Taos, new Mexico, in 1921.

From New Mexico Lawrence went with his wife to Florence and there Orrick Johns visited him. Johns is a young poet, who recently came from St. Louis to Carmel where he intends to stay.

Edward Weston is one of the great photographers of this country. After six years spent in Mexico he set up a studio in Carmel.

Dora Hagemeyer, originally from New Zealand, and Jeanne d'Orge , from the Eastern states, are well-known poets in Carmel.

And because these writers were gathered in Carmel, and because they knew, loved, and appreciated D. H. Lawrence. we publish this little tribute to a great writer.

The Lawrence I Knew..

by Mabel Dodge Luhan

WHEN D. H. Lawrence died in France on March third, a soul passed out of this world that was unique and inviolate. He was protected all his life by something that preserved his spirit in him whole and undissipated.

Where others squander the little bit of gold in them, tossing it out here and there in ha'pennies, this one contained it intact within himself; for he formed few friendships and he had no love affairs, save the long, intense relationship with his wife, with its splendor and its misery, a relationship that took perpetual readjustment and endless understanding. She was, in a sense, the guardian of the treasure within, and her role was allotted to her, perhaps by the gods who watch over unusual men.

To those who knew him only slightly, Lawrence appeared to be a puritan. He was very conventional in many ways and had inherited a certain uprightness and directness from his mother, but he had evolved, individual opinions that he had worked out early in his own life. He held that women get their consciousness from men and men their power from women. Or, rather, he thought that a man gets his power from *a* woman. Monogamy seemed to him to be important because only through it can a man experience sex. That is to say, love, power, creation. Where many people look for the one in the many, Lawrence knew he could find the many in the one. All his knowledge, imagination and development were the fruits of his simple passion. He passed up the difficult, darkened stairs and through the doorless corridors, rising painfully year by year, forever faithful, no matter what disillusionment he met, eternally true to his belief.

"Fidelity is worth more than love," he told me once.

For Edwin Arlington Robinson, love is "a stair-case leading to the sea, down which the blind are driven"; for Lawrence it was a stair-case to the stars that a man may choose to climb, and climbing find it the Path the initiates tell about.

Now Lawrence, in his own person a reservoir of unspent ecstasy, Lawrence, frail and irascible, had an extraordinarily potent effect upon people.

Involuntarily, possibly quite unconsciously, he awoke new rhythms in people, latent sleeping energies and untried potentialities. He changed people. One could not be quite the same person after knowing Lawrence that one was before. He had a magical presence. He had creative vision. That is to say, when he saw the possibilities in people, they became actualities. This worked two ways! When he had a negative intention about a person, seeing the dark chance, it was quite likely to manifest itself. The man was essentially creative but he was also destructive, and so he was one of the most dangerous as well as one of the most highly developed people that has ever lived.

There is something to be learned here; for, kept "centered" as he called it, by his woman, sheer power emanated from him. This, then, is perhaps the lost meaning of continence, lost in these days of outlets, canalizations, and self-expression.

The man who has written the most continuously, exhaustively and freely about sex, of anyone, was one whose own life was self-contained and restrained, not inhibited, not repressed, but "centered" by one woman.

This, possibly, gives a meaning to the instinctive jealousy that guarded him, since behind it may be inferred the gods' intention that the sacred fire be saved for more ultimate ends and diviner satisfactions than other men know.

Compared with Lawrence's life, other people seem lost in intricate futilities. Complicated social customs, extravagant motivations such as govern politics and most social patterns, were nothing but chimeras in his eyes, and when one was with him, many things that had appeared real before fell away into ashes and revealed themselves for what they were.

He could make an unreal feeling or opinion fade away out of one, and he made the small, usual, unconsidered acts and automatisms of life come into reality, and, assuming a new life, grow significant once more.

He liked to do things. Natural things. He liked to do the chores around the ranch in Taos. He liked to bake bread in the outdoor adobe oven, and to feed the animals and milk the cow.

When Lawrence went down to milk the cow, the meadow awoke to one who went along because he himself saw it so living, the wild flowers in the grass glowing and glistening, the lupin, the aster and "the little scarlet rain," as he called that red flower growing small bells along a slender stem. They all appeared more vivid and more lovely after he showed them to one.

He knew the immediate and continuous life about him, and nothing bored him except "the inessentials," too much furniture, automobiles, or "modern conveniences"! These seemed deadly to him, who knew how to savor a piece of crusty bread on the side of a hill.

Coster says in "The Living and the Lifeless" that the most important achievement in this century will be *the return to the ordinary life*. When one has known Lawrence well, these words seem deeply true, for he gave back the magic to ordinary life. He had a perpetual sense of wonder. For him there was no dullness in the ordinary life. He had escaped the commonness in most of the small, daily, insignificant activities that most people suffer under and from which they long to escape to larger, more glamorous scenes. He had a constant awareness of the life in everything, an exquisite perception of the aspects and flavors of all passing moments. It was the difference between complete wakefulness and a dingy sleep to be with him after others. He gave one realization.

If that is what Coster means by the *return* to the ordinary life, the new awareness, in little, usual things, of a beauty never seen before even in glamorous scenes and larger horizons, then Lawrence was the forerunner—one who found the way and embarked upon it.

Lawrence in Italy . . .

by Orrick Johns

I SAW D. H. Lawrence twice in Italy, once in 1927 and again in 1928. He and Frieda Lawrence were living in the Villa Merenda, at Scandicci, southwest of Florence.

¶The Villa Merenda was, I should suppose, a characteristic residence for the Lawrences. It was in the real vineyard country. It was far away from the luxurious life of *palazzi* and garden estates that surround the old city. It was the house of a *podere*, a farm, without conveniences, old. Lawrence and Frieda had the upper story. The farmer, his family, men and beasts, lived below. From the Lawrence terraces the hills of olive and vine could be seen, crowned with other old houses, with cypresses.

It was a rough walk of some two miles from the end of the tramway. Lawrence, ill as he was, went to town rarely. When he did, he walked this distance with his long forester's stride. But he kept a boy, Pierino, a two-wheeled cart and a pony for guests. Some days were needed to arrange for meeting guests with the *barrocino* and the boy. Finally the letter would arrive. Two visitors could crowd in with the boy on the level grade. All three got out going up. It was a new kind of country to the formal traveller.

On my first visit in summer, 1927, Lawrence, I think, was doing little writing. But he had been painting diligently for some months, and the paintings were to be seen on the walls of the Villa Merenda. These were the nucleus of the exhibition which made such a stir in London last year, and I believe aroused the censor. I remember three quite well.

The Holy Family—a humble interior, a workman, his wife, his son. They are posed in stiff, uncomfortable attitudes. They are on show. They have a modern and rather a truculent look.

Eve entering Paradise is a group of three figures, full of intense action. Adam, a powerful man, is struggling with an old angel who brandishes a sword. Adam is pushing the woman under the old man's arm. There is no doubt Lawrence

used his wife and himself as models for these figures; but masterfully, perhaps even unconsciously, for the resemblance is so managed as not to break the force and unity of the work.

The third picture is that of a workman who has taken off his clothes in a field. He lies sprawled in the flowers and grass. A procession of shy nuns veers by, startled at the sight. It is all strong coloring, big drawing. But I remember, in contrast to the broad heavy strokes, how delicately the wild flowers were done in this last picture.

Friends had given me the impression that these were his first paintings. "Oh no," he said, "I used to do it years ago." He deprecated them, but he had had a great time. That was clear. He asked eagerly whether we thought a New York exhibition possible.

Lawrence made me think at one moment of a stripling, at the next of a patriarch. He had wells of wisdom. These drove him to utterance—I thought, often against his will. When the wells were still he was a boy, a colt. At times his speech was as low pitched and rhythmical as a purr. At the end of a speech there was a sound like nothing so much as a little whinny, a smiling peering up under the thick red eyebrows. At other times he spoke with abruptness, with authority.

You had not been told he was a formidable host, but somehow you expected it. You found him gracious, attentive, considerate. He was interested, concerned about his wife's old tea things, about the bread, the jam, the flies, the temperature of the water. There was always a vivid exchange of thought between Frieda and Lawrence. Each was good flint to the other's steel.

Lawrence loved the Italian, spoke it with a slow relish. His tribute to Italy are his translations of Verga, her greatest modern naturalistic writer.

While he was painting he had been studying the mystery of the Etruscan people. He made visits to Volterra and Chiusi to see the tombs and pottery. The seated, smiling figures on Etruscan tombs aroused his psychological penetration. The man on the tomb is usually holding a cup with a small sphere in its center. This sphere, Lawrence explained, was the life

principle of the universe. It was like all of his psychology, what Lincoln Steffens calls "good guesswork." You felt his energetic mind had got the secret of the dead race.

He was thinking about Taos too, and his Indian friends. "We both worked too hard there," said Frieda. "We did all the heavy chores. But Lawrence would like to go back." Lawrence betrayed a flash of indignation at the governmental stupidity which packed him out of America at the end of six months. It was that which kept him from returning to his own property in New Mexico.

He had told us when we left that he was beginning a new book. His publisher would never print it. When I returned eight months later to the villa at Scandicci, this book was finished. It was "Lady Chatterley's Lover." This was his first announcement, together with the information that publishers would have no hand in it. He was going to publish the book himself, through Orioli, who keeps the little bookshop on the Arno, looking out on the Ponte Santa Trinita. Norman Douglas was privately printing his new novel, "In the Beginning," at Orioli's. It seemed a good scheme to Lawrence. The volume would be subscribed for at two guineas. He was disgusted with the book business in England and America. He had done what he wanted to do in this book, full measure and running over. The public could make of it what it would.

At that first visit, Lawrence had looked like a very sick man. His long body was a clothed skeleton. Before and after that August of 1927, if I remember rightly, he had rushed off to Switzerland as a result of severe hemorrhages. In Florence the year afterward and in Capri the spring of 1929 I heard still more ominous reports from his friends. He could not repose. There was little hope of his life.

He lived to achieve the novel which to my mind is the epitome of all his works, the enduring statement of his philosophy and art, but it brought upon him the full venom of the moral guardians of two continents—and the consequent avarice of pirates. That he enjoyed the last battle as much as the earlier ones is clear from what the critics are saying of his latest pamphlet.

Lawrence in Mexico . .

by Edward Weston

WITH the news of the death of D. H. Lawrence, turned back the leaves of my day-book, kept the second of November, 1924, and read: "D. H. in Mexico, to a Sunday evening shortly after Lawrence, in with Luis Quintanilla. My first impression a most agreeable one. He will sit to me Tuesday.' With Lawrence came his wife and a Miss Brett, I was given to understand his secretary. And then, Tuesday eve: "The sitting of Lawrence this morning. A tall, slender, rather reserved individual, with reddish beard. He was amiable enough and we parted in a friendly way, but the contact was too brief to penetrate another more than superficially. No way to make a sitting! I should not have attempted it: now I lack sufficient interest to develop my films."

Further notes indicate why I did attempt and rush through the sitting on a day when we were both preoccupied. He was leaving for Oaxaca the next day, and I had a luncheon engagement—"in honor (!) of the United States Ambassador to Mexico. God knows his name; I don't—but duty calls. In preparation I trimmed the fringe from my trousers and borrowed a hat from Rafael. Now to buy a collar and I shall be ready!" So read my notes.

I wish I had cancelled my date, and spent the time with Lawrence. But evidently I was considering business before pleasure, and from the condition of my wardrobe, I must have needed business!

My memory carries more than I wrote down about Lawrence: a walk in *el bosque de Chapultepec*, the famous park,—"woods," the Mexicans call it,—Lawrence, Tina and myself,—and certain bits of conversation. His first visit to Mexico not long before had thrilled him, but now he was frankly upset, distressed,—he wished to leave the city for Oaxaca, where

he might quietly write. Had Mexico changed, or was Lawrence in a highly neurotic state? Obviously the latter. His resulting book, "The Plumed Serpent," gave evidence. We read the book aloud during a period of travel through Mexico, a five months trip, which made me see vividly and feel deeply, an itinerary which took us far away from tourist tracks. I recall one place, where the Indians had seen foreigners only once before. So I offer these notes, not as literary criticism, but as my intense reactions, against Lawrence's.

"Despite its entire lack of humor, we were at times convulsed with laughter. * * "

"Besides he makes inaccurate or misleading statements. His chapter on the bull fight is full of absurdities. * * "

"Lawrence tries, it is evident, to bolster up his symbolism by indicating the customs of one locality as representative of all Mexico. I found no market where the Indians 'never asked you to buy,'—they are usually clamorously insistent. Nor do 'the women always hold onto their water jars'—as he points out—'to show their lack of poise.' More often they walk free-handed with regal bearing. Throughout the book, apparently trivial inaccuracies persist, and form a wrong or one-sided impression of Mexico. Lawrence was bewildered, he was frightened, but he over-dramatized his fear. There are fine descriptive passages, intelligent analyses, accurate prophecy, but withal a padding of tiresome allegory * * * a book on Mexico which could have been written only by a neurotic Anglo-Saxon."

Returning to Mexico City we found the artists and writers there, all laughing over "The Plumed Serpent." Covarrubias cartooned Lawrence at his desk, writing, triple outlines around him to indicate shaking with fear!

But overlooking inaccuracies, the book was the emotional reaction of a sick man, one might say of a dying man, so he cannot be criticized by one seeing the land in a less hysterical condition: indeed it may have more value as a piece of writing because of his intensity. And then,—is there an Anglo-Saxon, even in normal health, who has looked out on the passing Mexican landscape from his Pullman berth at night, with-

out a feeling of awe! Something mysterious there, never to be fully understood by another race. Maybe the old gods *do* still rule!

Of one thing I feel sure: Lawrence had no plastic sense. This reaction I got at once, as I showed him various drawings, photographs, etc., verified later by his remarks in "Plumed Serpent" *re* the great frescoes of Diego Rivera. So I can well imagine his recent venture in painting must be a carrying on of his literary viewpoint in paint. However, I am only surmising.

Lawrence wrote a kindly, sympathetic letter from Oaxaca, thanking me for his proofs, the best he had ever had, offering to help me in every possible way with publishers, giving suggestions for business, admitting that he could not apply them himself. Nor could I!

In Oaxaca, at Hotel Francia, I noted Lawrence's name registered. I decided to call on Padre Ricardo, an English padre with whom he spent some time. But, like a hint to us of that which followed in the religious-civil war, the padre had been arrested and deported to Mexico City the night before by the military. The neighbors spoke in hushed voices, but with flashing eyes; his servant we found in tears. He had been well loved.

I did not meet Lawrence again.

COMPARI

I would like a few men to be at peace with.
Not friends necessarily, they talk so much.
Nor yet comades, for I don't belong to any cause.
Nor yet "brothers," it's so conceited.
Nor pals, they're a nuisance.
But men to be at peace with.

—*from* "PANSIES"

The Lover of Flowers . .

by Dora Hagemeyer

LOSING D. H. Lawrence was like losing a personal friend. Anyone who ever felt a bond of kinship with him knows this. It is seldom that a writer communicates through his writing such a living sense of his own inner nature. The reading of my first Lawrence novel was a poignant event. It was like finding water in a desert, and from that time Lawrence ceased to be merely a writer and became a brother. The book was "Sons and Lovers." I remember Miriam taking her lover to see the white rose-bush in the wood, expecting that the flame of its beauty would be for him the complete fulfillment and culmination it was for her. I remember, too, how well I understood her disappointment. Her lover was of a different texture. And this, to me, was the secret of D. H. Lawrence. He was of many textures. Each character was an aspect of himself. He was the lover, he was Miriam, he was even the white flower; and this purest Lawrence was the one I knew best.

This may sound strange to those who think of him mainly as a writer of sex novels but it will be perfect truth to all who knew the deeper nature of this man. One has only to penetrate the shell of his stories to find the sensitive soul they sheltered. Why did he write them? Why did he make them so turbulent and often so offensive? Perhaps because to him the abandonment of the self to passion was a thing to be abhorred.

To this reader, it was not a glorification of sex that he wished to portray, but a glorification of the life-force as opposed to the barrenness of the mentality. That this life-force knows only one way at the present time was to him significant. It was another death. He took his readers along all its ways and byways and brought them up against the blank wall of frus-

tration. He did not offer any solution. He remained well within his field as a novelist.

D. H. Lawrence was spiritually like a "fine, fine wind," blowing through the chaos of relationship. Though his soul shuddered at any encroachment upon the inner self, the spirit remained free. His books are the cry of the soul. The spirit wings across them.

Why did he always talk of singleness? of separateness? Was it not because he knew the secret of true giving? to give freely; to give with both hands; but not to give oneself away; to remain detached and clear of one's generosity.

Personally, Lawrence will always remain especially dear because he understood flowers; moreover, he *felt* flowers. It was in this that his extreme fineness was most evident. He knew them by touch; by texture. He must have had that delicate sensitivity of the hands which is at once such a joy and such a tragedy. I remember that he spoke somewhere of the feel of a bird's cold feet in his hands. He wrote of the light on the face of a primrose; of figs and fruits and seeds and petals as if they were here for more than our entertainment. He spoke of an iris as one would speak of a great poet. Since then I have looked at the poised iris with different eyes. What was simply a thing to be loved became an entity.

One should not try to analyze Lawrence. He will always remain an enigma. He was a rare soul who ranted only because people seemed to him somtimes too stupid for bearing. He had a vision, but he couldn't get it clear of the weeds of the mentality.

So he exhausted all fields of relationship in his search for this thing which was pure and fine and still vital; but he knew in his loneliness what we all know—what we *must* know ultimately—that each soul stands alone in its nakedness before God. And he knew also, that only out of the roots of this acceptance can spring that love whose high beauty clothes the mountains of our vision like white snow.

Lawrence the Wayfarer

by Jeanne d'Orge

D. H. LAWRENCE was one of a small party of artists who came to Lompoc from Santa Barbara the year of the total eclipse. The Remsens brought them to Lompoc because James Worthington, Dr. Burton, the Josselyns and some others from Carmel were there, with all the cameras and astronomical instruments needed to take pictures of the eclipse. They had chosen Lompoc as being the one place within the belt of totality most likely to escape mists and high fog. Their "hunch" was good, for as it turned out, the Carmel expedition was the only one in California with clear pictures to show of that hidden splendor in the sun which is called the Corona.

When Henry Williams, his wife and I dashed into the village, late, the night before the eclipse, we found a little Carmel, centered and very much at home in the one and only restaurant. Rural inhabitants stood about—eyes popping, ears wide. Jimmy Worthington was in a state of high tension; not only was sure he had forgotten a most important technical detail, but he was absolutely certain that some of his corps of helpers would be missing in the morning. They had fallen from grace and slipped off to see seven battleships that had crashed on the rocks a few miles down the coast. There was a rumor that the road was blocked and many cars stalled. The atmosphere into which we walked in that little restaurant was electric. For us—sheer pleasure—the thrill before the play begins, a thousand times intensified—and tomorrow morning the great curtain of the sky would lift—and then—what?

In the morning we were storming the doors three hours before opening time. Each man was at his post, truants included. Henry, Mary and I received orders to drive into the hills to a certain high place. We were to follow a road which would be crumbly and white with chalk dust as we were to pass through

a plant for making talcum powder and from there climb the white cliffs as far as we might. We were given an ordinary small camera and told that if a sudden mist should come blurring down on the town our little photograph might save the day for science. It had happened so before. We were just about to go when Rem's party unexpectedly drove in. We heard the howling of the lions. Beside D. H. Lawrence there were two distinguished foreign painters of different nationalities.. They were all sent off with us so as to be out of the way. No sooner did we turn our faces to the hills than everything changed. Lions turned into mice. Howlings into squeaks. D. H. Lawrence turned into a nobody. So did the painters. So did we all.

We found the place. We climbed the cliffs. Our feet sank deep into white chalk dust that crunched like snow. By the time we had found a high white mound the line of the moon showed dark against the sun. We were circled by hills and the hills spread wide to the great circle of the horizon. We looked up at the sky through little bits of smoked glass.
It was slow—the waiting.

D. H. Lawrence had a voice like rustling autumn leaves. He had a good mask for a volcano. He made flat jokes. So did the painters. So did we all. We felt queer. We began to feel cold . . . up the spine . . . down the arms. We didn't say so at first but we all knew—more and more we knew—that we were waiting for the world to end. We were a group of very small shivering, awed creatures, set upon a hill to await the ending of the world. The birds knew it too. They flew uneasily into the trees and they made crying sounds. The beasts knew it. They whined in the distance and made disagreeable, lonely, helpless sounds and soon they didn't make any noise at all. We drew closer together. We made sillier jokes. We said out loud how horrible it was to be waiting for the end of the world. Teeth chattered. Bones creaked. Darkness grew. We were shadows. We were black shapes We were not there at all.

But the stars were there—great stars were in the sky, and on the far circle of the horizon sunset colors burned and dawn colors and twilight colors . . . night and day, twilight

and dawn, all stood in the sky together. What was it flashed from the horizon—across and across—like a wing—a black wing—a bright shadow—the shadow of the moon sweeping over the earth, swift as light—black, yet bright—shedding a queer green light—wherever the light touched, earth opened and came forth in strange, unearthly, horrible, beautiful forms and shapes. (Henry Williams, who had charge of the camera and was lying flat on the ground, said afterwards that looking up he could see through our faces into our bones.) No sooner that over than our eyes were compelled upwards. Something looked through our eyes into the deep center of the night sky, where a great black disk burned with hidden sunfire like the heart of a great flower, and suddenly the great flower opened and shot forth countless petals of fire that streamed and spread and filled the whole sky and the earth, and we who were on the earth trembled into utter stillness from sheer wonder.

* * * * * *

When the world ends it begins all over again—new and opposite. We came down from that hill a merry lot of Everybodies and we all knew each other in a way that had never been before. We kept together all day. We went down to see the seven battleships on the rocks. The sea looked like a pool to us and the ships no more than the toys some child had carelessly destroyed and was not crying about, either. We kept together all day and when we parted we didn't say goodbye. . . .

You see, don't you, why if I should be asked whether I had met D. H. Lawrence, poet and sometimes prophet, I could truthfully answer, "No."